

PRIEST'S GHOST STORY

BEGAN WITH THRILLS, BUT ENDED VERY TAMELY.

All the Material for Really Excellent Experience With Spirits Seemed to Be There Until the Touch of Materialism Developed.

Doctor Walsh, lecturer and nerve specialist, tells the following story in one of his series of talks on ghosts, dreams, premonitions. After this tale it will be unnecessary to say that the doctor has never seen a ghost himself.

An old clergyman dwelling alone with his housekeeper and her sister in a rather lonely part of a little country town was awakened late one night by a loud ring at his front doorbell. In a moment the priest was out of bed and preparing to go on what he expected was a sick call summons.

Again very shortly came another ring at the bell. Surprised that the housekeeper, who slept on the ground floor, had not answered the door he went out into the hall and down the stairs. There standing at the open door was the housekeeper and her sister looking out into empty space. The two astonished women turned to him. "There is no one there, father!" they exclaimed.

"When it rang first I went to the door and found no one," went on the elder, "then when it rang again we were both near the door and opened it immediately and there was nothing around."

As they were speaking the bell rang again and the women in alarm clung to each other. Boldly the priest opened the door—still no one in sight.

It was a clear starlight night and the house stood in an empty space. Very cautiously he explored every portion of the grounds, piazza and house, but not even a footprint could he find. As he was entering the door after his search the bell rang again, and as he was in full view of the bell he was forced to admit that no visible human agency rang it. He had great difficulty calming the frightened women and returned to his room in a puzzled frame of mind. Just before getting into bed he glanced at his watch and saw that it was 2 o'clock.

The next day he learned with great sorrow and also with some uneasiness that the vicar of the neighboring town, who was a lifelong friend of his and of whose illness he had not heard, had died at 2 o'clock the night before.

After that no mysterious doorbell ringings were heard until the night of the day of the vicar's funeral. Wearing out with grief and the funeral, the old priest had retired early and was sleeping soundly when he was awakened by knocks at his door and the voice of his frightened housekeeper.

"Father! Father!" she was crying. "Didn't you hear the doorbell ring? We've gone to the door and there's no one there! The house must be haunted. Tomorrow the first thing in the morning we will leave."

Cutting still the woman's crying came another ring at the bell. Quickly the priest was up and down stairs, looking at his watch on the way down. It was 2 o'clock. As he opened the door clear and shrill the bell clanged out again.

"So the bell rings itself, does it?" he mused after a good look around. "Well, then, the trouble must be in the bell."

Late as it was he went to work prying the bell from the door and found—the ghost! A family of mice had built a snug little nest for themselves there and their entrances and exits had been the cause of the bell's ringing. The late hours they kept was no doubt due to their natural timidity.

Teach Australian Boys to Farm. Australia has established a training school for boys who wish to become expert farmers, but who lack the means to obtain proper instruction.

Begin Early to Train Children. It is habit alone that creates obedience in the child, and for the child, and if it is not formed early, nothing but hard, bitter "warfare" can ever promote it in its being. System is one of the noblest laws in evidence. It is the great "under study" for universal peace.

Some Loss. "Did you lose much in that bank failure, Jim?" asked Hawkins. "I should say I did," said Slabside. "I had an overdraft of a hundred and sixty dollars in that bank, and gee! how I had to hustle to make good!"—Harper's Weekly.

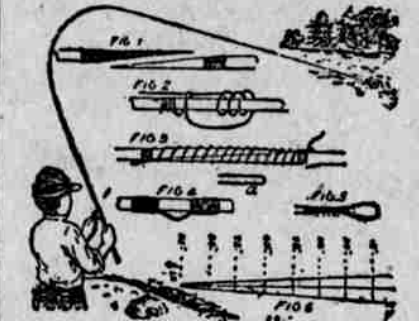
And So Many Do It. A campaign year is a time of happiness for the man who likes to get at the extreme outer edges of the crowd and yell "Louder!"—Denver Republican.

Here's Luck. "Well, Jones, did you have any luck on your hunting trip?" "Simply wretched; didn't kill a thing. I'm sorry I didn't go motoring instead."

MAKE SERVICEABLE FISH ROD

By Using Four Pieces of Hickory and Following Directions Good Pole May Be Made.

Here is the way to make a good serviceable fish pole, says the American Boy. Get four pieces of hickory or any hard wood and trim them nicely to even length, say two feet. Each of the sections is now given a uniform taper, with jack knife and sandpaper. The diagram, fig. 6, shows the proper scale to follow in shaving off the wood. In its eight feet of length the pole tapers from one inch in diameter to one-eighth inch. The figures in the diagram represent the amount you would cut off provided the pole measured feet instead of inches. The joints are fastened together in quite a new way. Cut them to a sharp point. Now dip them in thin glue, press firmly together and wrap outside of both with heavy cord. Any good grade of fish line will do, silk preferred. Figs. 2 and 3 explain this outside wrapping. The guides for the



Parts of Fish Pole.

line to run through are shown in Figs. 4 and 5. Fig. 5 is the end of the pole. It is a wire loop lashed tightly to the pole. Fig. 4 is a piece of wire put in at each joint and held there by the same wrapping that holds the joints together. The outside of the pole should be smoothed with fine sandpaper and then rubbed with oil. Though the cost of the pole is next to nothing, you will find it tough and reliable.

SEVERE ON GIRLS IN PERSIA

From Hour of Birth Social Inequality Between Sexes Asserts Itself—Celibacy a Disgrace.

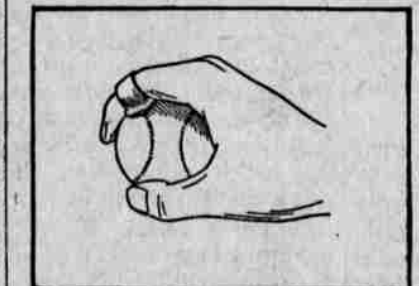
The birth of a girl in Persia is received with pity, even by her mother. "Why should I not weep over my little girl, who will have to endure the same miseries as I have known?" she cries. "She is of so little value! Who knows whether her father will not one day throw her out of the window and so silence forever her wailing? And why should he be annoyed? He knows he may do such a thing with impunity. No one cares any more than if it was a cat which had to suffer for his wrath."

From the hour of birth the social inequality between the sexes asserts itself. Infant mortality is very high, owing to the ignorance and inexperience of the women. Since celibacy is considered a disgrace, girls are often married as young as ten or twelve. In order to reduce the rate of infant mortality some men have suggested that the mother should have a finger cut off every time she lost a child. This cruelty, however, has not been adopted. But that it should have entered into the minds of any Persian men is significant enough.—Je Sais Tout.

MAKING A BASEBALL CURVE

Collapsible Vacuum Cup, Formed of Rubber, Is Designed to Aid the Budding Pitcher.

The little device shown in the illustration is designed to help the budding baseball pitcher to curve the ball. It consists of a vacuum cup formed of rubber, designed to collapse



Baseball Curver.

to a greater or less extent under the pressure of the finger, according to the amount of curve desired. It is slipped over the forefinger of the pitching hand.

The Mammoth Sneezes.

Here is a game that furnishes lots of fun for a company of jolly girls and boys. Divide the company into three divisions of five or six people each. The persons in the first division are to say, when the signal is given, "Hish," emphasizing the first "h." The second division must say "Ash," while the third division should say "Osh." The leader counts "One, two, three," and at the last word the three divisions shout their syllables with all the force they can muster. The result is very funny. Just try it.

THE NEWS FROM HOME

DOES ANY MAN OUTLIVE THE PLEASURE IT GIVES HIM?

Homely Message Makes an Appeal to the Most Imaginative of Us, Though We May Have Wandered Far.

No matter how highly cultivated your taste in literature may be nor how exalted the position in life to which you have attained, the letter from home, with its bits of "news" written by mother, makes an appeal to you that no other written or printed words can make. No matter how beautiful or splendid your city environment may be, your mother's wish is your own when she writes:

"I have been frying doughnuts this morning and I wish that you were here to get some of them."

"We butchered yesterday, but did not kill the six or seven big hogs we used to kill when you children were all at home. We killed only one yesterday and he weighed 298 pounds dressed. We sent some of the spare-ribs around to the neighbors."

"I made up my mincemeat for Thanksgiving last week, and hope you will be here to get one of my turnovers that you used to like so well. Somehow, my mincemeat does not seem to taste so good as usual, but maybe it will be all right when it has stood a little while."

"Lucina Green, one of your first sweethearts, has a new pair of twin boys. With eight already, and her husband poor as Job's turkey, some think they didn't really need the twins."

"Your father got his barrel of cider home from the mill yesterday. He thinks it the best he has ever had. It seems uncommon clear and sweet. We wish you were here to get some of it."

"Cy Slimm, who used to go to school with you, has parted from his wife. They call it that one is about as much to blame as the other. They never did hit it off very well from the start. Cy's wife's sister is also getting a divorce, so it runs in the family. It is no way to do."

"Bud Tansy, who is just three days and four hours older than you, fell from the loft of his barn the other day and broke two of his right ribs. The say that his language was awful, as there is some talk of having him brought before the church for some things he said. The Tansys always was noted for their profane swearing."

"Clem Long has a fine new buggy and a high-stepping little nag to go with it. All the girls are disposed to be good friends with Clem now. He took Susie Beane out for a ride Sunday afternoon and her mother is passing it out that Susie can keep on riding permanent in the buggy if she wants to, but we all know Hannah Beane."

"The spotted calf you admired so much the last time you was at home is now quite a cow and I think of you every time I look at her. She gives more milk than any other young cow we ever had and she is going to be a fine butter maker. A man with one of these snapshot photograph things come along the other day and took a picture of her and your father which I will send you, although your father has on only his everyday clothes. All well with us and hope these few lines will find you the same."—Judge.

Origin of Popular Saying.

The origin of the saying that it takes nine tailors to make a man is thought by some to be a corruption of "nine tellers make a man," the "tellers" being another name for "tolls" of a bell. The English custom was to strike three times three tolls or "tellers" on the passing bell for the death of a man. It was three times two for a woman.

Foxy Artist.

The friend had dropped in to see D'Auber, the great painter, put the finishing touches on his latest painting. He was mystified, however, when D'Auber took some raw meat and rubbed it vigorously over the painted rabbit in the foreground. "Why on earth did you do that?" he asked. "Why, you see," explained D'Auber, "Miss Millions is coming to see this picture today. When she sees her pet poodle smell that rabbit and get excited over it she'll buy it on the spot."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Why He Hesitated.

"Why didn't you go to the assistance of the defendant in the fight?" asked the judge of a policeman. "Shure," was the answer, "an' Oi didn't know which av them was goin' to be th' defendant, yer honor."

Would Be More Important.

A scientist declares that the speed mania has converted a great many automobilists into nervous wrecks. We would like to have him diagnose the case of the man who has to dodge them.—New York Herald.

PUTTING IT RATHER BLUNTLY

Marital Philosophy Coarsely Expressed, Yet Conveyed a Subtle Sense of Meaning.

"Harry," she said, and there were what a novelist would call tears in her voice as she spoke, "I don't believe you love me any longer."

"Dora," he replied, "don't be foolish."

"There!" she exclaimed. "There's evidence of the truth of what I said. Don't be foolish! Did you ever speak to me in that way before we were married?"

"No my dear, I did not," he admitted.

"Then," she said, reproachingly, "my slightest wish was law; then you never sat around like a dummy smoking a cigar and reading a paper when I was in the room; then you seemed anxious to please me, and were ever on the watch to do some little favor for me."

"It is true," he admitted.

"You were never lazy then," she went on. "You were full of life and spirits; you were energetic."

"Quite true," he said.

"If you loved me now as much as you did then," she persisted, "you would strive as much as ever."

"My dear," he said in that calm, dispassionate tone that makes the average wife want to get a poker or a broom, "did you ever see a boy trying to get an apple or a pear that was a little out of his reach?"

"Certainly," she answered; "but

"He keeps jumping and jumping until he gets it, doesn't he?"

"Of course."

"But does he continue jumping after he has got it?"

"Certainly not. There's no need of it."

"Well," he said, as he turned to his paper again, "you're my apple; and I don't see any reason why I should keep on jumping any more than the boy."

She didn't say anything; but she thought and thought, and the more she thought the more undecided she became whether she ought to be angry or not.

Lucky Error.

"Printers' errors are usually annoying, but a printer's error saved the life of my best friend." The speaker was Cosmo Hamilton, the Englishman who is in New York. He continued:

Horace Hamfat is an actor. Rich today, he was poor and a failure up to the age of forty. His life up to that age was passed in the provinces on two or three quid a week. A quid, by the way, is \$5. Well, one Saturday in Manchester, Horace Hamfat's show went up, the manager fled and Horace for three days lived on bread and dripping. Then a letter came to him from a London admirer, inclosing \$50.

"The admirer forwarded, also, an item from a theatrical page that Horace himself had written—'Horace Hamfat is starring in Manchester.' But the typesetter had made this item read, truly enough:

"Horace Hamfat is starving in Manchester."

Relic of Cider Barrel Campaign.

A relic of the "cider barrel" campaign of William Henry Harrison, in 1840, is owned by S. M. Unger, 2219 North Pennsylvania street. A campaign medal, worn for many years by Henry M. Ward, a veteran of the Civil war, has been presented to Mr. Unger, who will give it to one of his sons, whose grandfather, on Mrs. Unger's side of the family, was James T. Harrison of Virginia, related to W. H. Harrison and Benjamin Harrison. The medal shows a profile of W. H. Harrison on one side and the legend, "Major General W. H. Harrison; born February 9, 1773." The other side shows an old log cabin, at the side of which stands a cider barrel. On that side of the medal are the words: "The People's Choice in the Year 1840."—Indianapolis News.

Senses of Plants.

The sense most developed in plants is that of sight, which enables them to see light but not to distinguish objects. This sense limitation is found among many living creatures, such as the earthworm, oyster, and coral, etc., which possess no localized visual organ, but give proof of their luminous impressions by the contractions that they manifest when exposed to a ray of sunshine. Similarly, it is easy to gauge the influence of light on plants. Cultivate a plant in a room with a window only on one side and its stalks in growing will incline toward the source of light. Physiologists explain this by suggesting that the side to the dark grows more quickly than that exposed to the light. There remains, however, the fact that the plant has reacted to the light, of whose effect it was conscious.

A sense common to many plants is that of touch. Of this the most illustrative example is, as its name implies, the sensitive plant. Another leaf, responsive to the touch, is the catch-fly, whose two halves close down one upon the other by means of a central hinge.—Harper's Weekly.

FIND RELIEF IN CONFESSION

"Making a Clean Breast of It" Has Saved Many a Man and Woman From Insanity.

The relief of making "a clean breast of it!" Who of us is there who has not experienced it? If we have done something which we consider shameful or degrading or horrible we find that we are suffering until we can tell it all to some one else, comments a magazine writer. The murderer, to take an extreme instance, is harrowed and crazed by his crime (in many cases) until he has confessed all, whereupon he finds a measure of relief and is more ready to meet his doom. It is with the mind, as with the body; if you take a poison into your body you suffer until the poison is drained off; if you take a poison into your mind you suffer until it is extirpated. Or to put it differently, a physical wound refuses to heal until the poison is cleaned out, and the longer you wait the worse the poison becomes, until possibly, it threatens your life. It is just so with the wounds of the mind, and in extreme cases, where there is no relief, the "poison" becomes so bad that it endangers the reason, leads to insanity.

Some of the insane are merely suffering from some terrible experience, some shock, some emotional impact, which they never shared with others; which they locked up in their breasts; which grew steadily worse until it transformed their whole nature. Why is it that so often a man living alone in some shack out on the prairie, or some woman alone in a farmhouse, becomes insane? It is simply because there is no outlet for the emotions, for the shocks and worries, the fears and terrors, "no one to tell it to."

A curious fact is that we are troubled not so much by the things we "remember" as by the things we have "forgotten," the things stowed carefully away in the unconscious part of the mind. We go through some shameful experience which we feel is too distasteful, too degrading, to tell any one else, we try to forget it; we succeed, in time. But there it is, underneath, like hidden poison, working on us whenever it gets a chance, trying always to break through, to come into the light.

"But insanity, after all, is not always the outcome; bad nerves, neurasthenia, unrest, unhappiness, are the more common finalities. We see all about us people who are leading maimed and crippled lives, quarrelsome, bitter, dejected, nervously in a flutter. The trouble with many of them is that they have never had complete expression for their painful experiences; they are chock-full of the mental poison of the past.

Give Credit to Suspenders.

"Notice what a difference the first nip of cool weather makes in the carriage of most men?" a prominent physician asked the other day. "See how their shoulders are thrown back, their chins thrust forward and the general elasticity of their step?" "Yes, I've noticed it," his companion replied. "Cold weather certainly braces a man up." "You are right there," the doctor replied, "but there is something that plays a more important part than the mere fact that the air is cold. What? Suspenders? Yes, sir! Soon as the weather gets cool a man wears a vest. That means that he lays his belt aside and resorts to suspenders. No man can walk erect and with that air of alertness without them. The reason is simple. The natural way to walk is with the chest thrown out and the allowance drawn in. When a man wears a belt he cannot do that because his trousers will sink down and he will be very uncomfortable generally. When his trousers are suspended from his shoulders he can walk naturally."

Market for Broken Glass.

Broken glass has a market. Some of it is ground in fine, powder-like particles and used for various purposes. At other times it is remelted and made into new glass objects.

Proved Power of Logic.

The Professor of Logic (to himself)—"I laid my hat somewhere in this room. Nobody has come in since I've been here. I can't see it anywhere. Therefore"—putting his hand beneath him—"I am sitting on it. Another proof of the irresistible power of logic."

No Chance for Him.

Mr. Lobstock—"Yo' wife and yo' gets along fine together, peahs to me, Brudder Shindig." Mr. Shindig—"Yessah! She kin yell louder'n I kin, to save muh life; and dar ain't no fun uh-quah-lin' wid a pusson dat kin out-holler yo'."

She Knew Better.

Maud—"Jack seems to be an easy-going fellow." Ethel—"Easy-going! You never had him call on you evenings; one can never get him to go."

The Crux.

She—"Do you believe a man knows when he is in love?" He—"Yes; and he doesn't know anything else."—Judge.